I can feel my soul depart from my body and transcend toward a plane of ethereal bliss as I leave my school after my last midterm exam, but I anticipate more than the privilege to actually obtain a healthy amount of sleep. No, I anxiously await my impending flight departure to Nigeria.

My family and I arrive in Enugu, Nigeria, on December 23rd, 2012, and commence preparation for the distribution in a couple of hours. The widows, beaming so brightly that I can sense Apollo quiver in envy, welcome us with exuberance as we purposefully stride into the distribution venue. Everywhere I look, the widows and their progeny gaze upon me with deference, resembling the manner in which a royal subject gazes upon his prince; this treatment is the most unpleasant aspect of the event. I desperately yearn to tell them we are equals, we are all human beings, and we all should strive to assist other human beings if provided with the opportunity. Alas, my message falls on deaf ears, and this failure renders me incapable of doing anything but accepting their blessings with a sad smile as I ensure that they receive their nourishment.

I appreciate receiving the opportunity to participate in the annual meat and rice distribution for these past three years. Providing relief to the otherwise helpless widows shows me the true necessity of altruistic action, and helps me comprehend some of the issues that plague Nigeria. I understand that, in Nigeria, there are no safety nets: there is no Social Security, no welfare, no food stamps. Nigeria is a merciless place for women like my grandmother, a mother of three boys who was widowed at the early age of 32 and unable sleep well for seventeen years.